1903

OLD GLORY.

"He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eye, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation?"—CHARLES SUMNER.

"It has never floated over any region but in benediction."
—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/memorialday190300illi

Circular 53.

Memorial Day 1903.

State of Illinois,
Department of Public Instruction,
Springfield, May 1, 1903.

To the School Officers and Teachers of Illinois:

Thirty-eight years have passed since the Union Army stacked arms. The surviving boys of '61 are old men now. In accordance with their custom, they will assemble on Saturday, May 30th, to honor the memory of their comrades who lost the chance to grow old, by winning "the prize of immortal youth." You are reminded that it is your great privilege to join them in the beautiful tribute of flowers to the men who saved the Nation.

The Union Army was the grandest body of men that ever followed any flag or kept step to any drum beat. They were not men educated for war. Forty-eight per cent of them were farmers, twenty-four per cent were mechanics, sixteen per cent were laborers, five per cent were of commercial pursuits, three per cent were professional men, and the other four per cent were probably nearly all school boys and college students. They were the best men in the country at that time. The world has hardly yet ceased to wonder at the ease with which that army was disbanded and once more absorbed in the pursuits of peace. When it ceased to exist as an armed force, and was again scattered throughout the Nation, its members became in every community the center about which the forces of patriotism have gathered ever since. The Republic has not been ungrateful. Every man who bore arms with credit has in some way received from his neighbors a special measure of esteem. It is our privilege, as teachers, to help keep this sentiment alive. "The flag has never floated over any region but in benediction." It never will—if we keep the quality of our citizenship up to that of the Union Army. This we can do, and continue to teach that it is the glory of our

country that all her interests, all her traditions, and all her aspirations are in harmony with the prayer of her greatest soldier: "Let us have Peace." We may well look forward to the day when war shall be no more, but if need be that our country must again engage in war, let it only be when the cause is so just that to maintain it shall again, as it did in '61, reflect honor not alone upon our country, but upon our common humanity.

I therefore recommend that in all public schools in Illinois, a portion of the day preceding Memorial day be set apart for special exercises preparatory to the public observance of that day, and that wherever practicable a Union soldier be invited to talk to the children. The schools should also participate in the public observance of the day when invited or permitted to do so. No set program is offered or suggested, but some of the selections included in this circular may be helpful.

Alfred Bayliss

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Most American of All Americans.

"The second founder of the Republic. His strength rested on two rocks—unflinching principle and illimitable common sense."—Lord Rosebery.

The following extracts are from the eloquent tribute to the memory of Mr. Lincoln spoken before the Philosophic Institution of Edinburg, Nov. 12, 1900, by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain:

Never was a ruler in a more desperate plight than Lincoln when he entered office on the 4th of March, 1861, four months after his election, and took his oath to support the Constitution and the Union. The intervening time had been busily employed by the southern states in carrying out their threat of disunion in the event of his election. As soon as that fact was ascertained, seven of them had seceded and had seized upon the forts, arsenals, navy yards and other property of the United States within their boundaries, and were making every preparation for war. In the meantime the retiring President, who had been elected by the slave power, and who thought the seceding states could not lawfully be coerced, had done absolutely nothing. Lincoln found himself, by Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, but with only a remnant of either at hand. Each was to be created on a great scale out of the unknown resources of a nation untried in war.

In his mild and conciliatory inaugural address, while appealing to the seceding states to return to their allegiance, he avowed his purpose to keep the solemn oath he had taken that day, to see that the laws of the Union were faithfully executed, and to use the troops to recover the forts, navy yards and other property belonging to the government. It is probable, however, that neither side actually realized that war was inevitable, and that the other was determined to fight, until the assault on Fort Sumter presented the south as the first aggressor and aroused the north to use every possible resource to maintain the government and the imperiled Union, and to vindicate the supremacy of the flag over every inch of the territory of the United States. The fact that Lincoln's first proclamation called for only 75,000 troops, to serve for three months, showed how inadequate was even his idea of what the future had in store. But from that moment Lincoln and his loyal supporters never faltered in their purpose. They knew they could win, that it was their duty to win, and that for America the whole hope of the future depended upon their winning, for now by the acts of the seceding states the issue of election—to secure or prevent the extension of slavery—stood transformed into a struggle to preserve or to destroy the Union.

We can not follow this contest. You know its gigantic proportions; that it lasted four years instead of three months; that in its progress, instead of 75,000 men, more than 2,000,000 were enrolled on the side of the government alone; that the aggregate cost and loss to the nation approximated £1,000,000,000, and that no less than 300,000 brave and precious lives were sacrificed on each side. History has recorded how Lincoln bore himself during these four frightful years; that he was the real President, the responsible and actual head of the government through it all; that he listened to all advice, heard all parties; and then, always realizing his responsibility to God and the nation, decided every great executive question for himself. His absolute honesty had become proverbial long before he was President. "Honest Abe Lincoln" was the name by which he had been known for years. His every act attested it.

In all the grandeur of the vast power that he yielded, he never ceased to be one of the plain people as he always called them; never lost or impaired his perfect sympathy with them; was always in perfect touch with them, and open to their appeals; and here lay the very secret of his personality and of his power, for the people in turn gave him their absolute confidence. His courage, his fortitude, his patience, his hopefulness, were sorely tried, but never exhausted.

He was as true as steel to his Generals, but had frequent occasion to change them, as he found them inadequate. This serious and painful duty rested wholly on him, and was, perhaps, his most important function as Commander in Chief, but when, at last, he recognized in Gen. Grant the master of the situation, the man who could and would bring the war to a triumphant end, he gave it all over to him, and upheld him with all his might. Amid all the pressure and distress that the burdens of office brought upon him, his unfailing sense of humor saved him—probably it made it possible for him to live under the burden. He had always been the great story teller of the West, and he used and cultivated this faculty to relieve the weight of the load he bore.

It enabled him to keep the wonderful record of never having lost his temper, no matter what agony he had to bear. A whole night might be spent in recounting the stories of his wit, humor and harmless sarcasm. But I will recall only two of his sayings, both about Gen. Grant, who always found plenty of enemies and critics to urge the president to oust him from the command. One, I am sure, will interest all Scotchmen. They repeated with malicious intent that Grant drank. "What does he drink?" asked Lincoln, "Whiskey," was of course the answer; doubtless you can guess the brand. "Well," said the president, "just find out what particular kind he uses and I'll send a barrel to each of my other Generals." The other must be as pleasing to the British as to the American ear. When pressed again on other grounds to get rid of Grant, he declared, "I can't spare that man: he fights."

He was tender-hearted to a fault, and never could resist the appeals of wives and mothers of soldiers who had got into trouble and were under sentence of death for their offenses. His Secretary of War and other officials complained that they never could get deserters shot. As surely as the women of the culprit's family could get at him, he always gave way. Certainly you will appreciate his exquisite sympathy with the suffering relatives of those who had fallen in battle. His heart bled with theirs. Never was there a more gentle and tender utterance than his letter to a mother who had given all her sons to her country, written at a time when the angel of death had visited almost every household in the land, and was already hovering over him. "I have been shown," he says, "in the file of the War Department a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming—but I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation which may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom" Hardly could

your illustrious sovereign, from the depths of her queenly and womanly heart, have spoken words more touching and tender to soothe the stricken mothers of her own soldiers.

In his first inaugural address, when as yet not a drop of precious blood had been shed, and while he held out to them the olive branch in one hand, in the other he presented the guarantees of the constitution, and after reciting the emphatic resolution of the convention that nominated him, that the maintainence inviolate of the "rights of the state, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend," he reiterated this sentiment and declared with no mental reservation "that all the protection which, consistently with the constitution and the laws, can be given to all the states when lawfully demanded for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another."

When, however, these magnanimous offerings for peace and reunion were rejected; when the seceding states defied the constitution and every clause and principle of it; when they persisted in staying out of the Union from which they had seceded, and proceeded to carve out of its territory a new and hostile empire based on slavery; when they flew at the throat of the nation and plunged it into the bloodiest war of the nineteenth century, the tables were turned and the belief gradually came to the mind of the President that if the rebellion was not soon subdued by force of arms, if the war must be fought out to the bitter end, then to reach that end the salvation of the nation itself might require the destruction of slavery wherever it existed; that if the war was to continue on one side for disunion, for no other purpose than to preserve slavery, it must continue on the other side for the Union, to destroy slavery.

As he said: "Events control me; I can not control events," and as the dreadful war progressed, and became more deadly and dangerous, the unalterable conviction was forced upon him that in order that the frightful sacrifice of life and treasure on both sides might not be all in vain, it had become his duty as commander-in-chief of the army, as a representative war measure. to strike a blow at the rebellion which, all others failing, would inevitably lead to its annihilation by annihilating the very thing for which it was contending. His own words are the best:

"I understand that my oath to preserve the constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving by every indispensable means that government—that nation, of which that constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had ever tried to preserve the constitution if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country and constitution all together."

And so, at last, when in his judgment the indispensable necessity had come, he struck the fatal blow, and signed the proclamation which has made his name immortal. By it the President, as commander in-chief in time of armed rebellion, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion, proclaimed all persons held as slaves in the states and parts of states then in rebellion to be thenceforward free, and declared that the executive, with the army and navy, would recognize and maintain their freedom.

The growth and development of Lincoln's mental power and moral force of his intense and magnetic personality, after the vast responsibilities of government were thrown upon him at the age of 52, furnish a rare and striking illustration of the marvelous capacity and adaptability of the human intellect of the sound mind in the sound body. He came to the discharge of the great

duties of the presidency with absolutely no experience in the administration of government or of the varied and complicated questions of foreign and domestic policy which immediately arose and continued to press upon him during the rest of his life; but he mastered each as it came, apparently with the facility of a trained and experienced ruler. As Clarendon said of Cromwell, "His parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station. His life through it all was one of great labor, anxiety and distress, without one hour of peaceful repose from first to last. But he rose to every occasion. He led public opinion, but he did not march so far in advance of it as to fail of its effective support in every great emergency. He knew the heart and thought of the people as no man not in constant and absolute sympathy with them could have known it, and so, holding their confidence, he triumphed through and with them. Not only was there this steady growth of intellect, but the infinite delicacy of his nature and its capacity for refinement developed also, as exhibited in the purity and perfection of his language and style of speech. The rough backwoodsman, who had never seen the inside of a university, became in the end, by self-training and the exercise of his own powers of mind, heart and soul, a master of style, and some of his utterances will rank with the best, the most perfectly adapted to the occasion which produced them.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can longer endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in the larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

He lived to see his work indorsed by an overwhelming majority of his countrymen. In his second inaugural address, pronounced just 40 days before his death, there is a single passage which well displays his indomitable will and at the same time his deep religious feeling, his sublime charity to the enemies of his country and his broad and catholic humanity:

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through the appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both north and south this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

His prayer was answered. The 40 days of life that remained to him were crowded with great historic events. He lived to see his proclamation of emancipation embodied in an amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the states for ratification. The mighty scourge of war did speedily pass away, for it was given him to witness the surrender of the rebel army and the fall of their capital, and the starry flag that he loved waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory the vanquished lost their best friend and the human race one of its noblest examples, and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.

GENERAL GRANT'S DES MOINES SPEECH.

This historic speech is well worth frequent repetition and careful study, as one of the best statements of the right of the common school to exist ever made. General Grant said:

COMRADES: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms ten to fifteen years ago, and to live over again in memory the trials and hardships of those days—hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, and believe now, that we had a government worth fighting for, and if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved Union? Let their heroism and sacrifices be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any one who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that like trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and battlefield, on whichever side he fought.

I do not bring into this assemblage politics—certainly not partisan politics—but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battle. In a republic like ours, in which the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our existence, I believe it is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers 100 years ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of color, nationality or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the state nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain.

THE MIGHTY INVISIBLE ARMY.

Marching With the Boys Down Pennsylvania Avenue in 1865 and 1902.

To-day I formed with the Illinois delegation in the street south of the magnificent public library building, and with the veterans of the great prairie state leading those of every other state in the Union, marched over the broad street between the building named and the nation's capitol, thence along the north side of same to Pennsylvania avenue, then down that thoroughfare to the treasury building, just one mile, north and around the building and on by the White House grounds, on by the state, war and navy structures and out a street or two to the point of disbanding. It was a great march; it lay between rows of stately buildings that flank that royal avenue; buildings decorated with tens of thousands of American flags and bunting of the royal red, white and blue. Bands were playing soul-stirring music that seemed to take the toil and age-worn stoop, for the time, from the shoulders of the marchers, who, with heads erect, shoulders thrown back, eyes front and guiding to the left, they marched over the ground with the full-swing stride of the days of yore. There were bands of "crack" ability from New York, from Buffalo, from Philadelphia, from Pittsburg, Erie, Camden, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Detroit, and I don't know how many more places, to say nothing of the dozen or more fine organizations of this city. There were drum corps, bugle music and the heroic old-fashioned martial band of fife and drum galore. The day was as fine as if manufactured to order.

How the music swelled and rolled along the avenue; how the flags of billowy silk rose and fell in the fine autumn breeze; how the myriad of people banked the sides of the thoroughfare through which the men marched; how the long line for over five hours marched a living stream between those lining banks; men from every territory and state in the Union; men of all races, creeds and colors; men who had fought at Bull Run and Shiloh; at Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Corinth, Antietam, Stone River, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chancellorsville, Lookout Mountain, The Wilderness and the campaign to Richmond; Ressaca and on to Atlanta. Up Red river, in the Shenandoah valley, Appomattox, Bentonville. Altogether it was a most inspiring sight—a mighty object lesson in patriotism. I marched with the Springfield post; a man from Leroy was left-hand comrade; he served in the Thirty-ninth; the comrade on the right was a Decatur man, but served in the Seventh Pennsyvania cavalry. Who was my "file leader" or who my "file closer" I do not know or care. I know that while I casually took in what I have above briefly outlined, my mind was busier going back to the other time I marched over the identical ground (and much more) traversed today in the grand review of Sherman's army at the close of the war in 1865. I recall the early roll call and breakfast on that beautiful 24th of May morning, where our army lay encamped on Arlington Heights. I remember falling into line, dressed in our tattered uniforms that had seen service from the day we cut loose from Atlanta, during the march to the sea and up through the Carolinas and Virginia. I remember as our division, General

Morgan's, marched down the long slope toward "Long Bridge" of seeing the troops of Carlin and of Baird, the other two divisions of the Fourteenth army corps, moving in the same direction; and further to the right and left was the dusty column of faded blue and the waving flags, showing the Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth corps of Sherman's great fighting and marching machine, all converging toward the "Long Bridge." I remembered the hours I spent in forming and waiting for others to form on the then open space, now the site and grounds of the library building, and finally the debouch from Capitol street and swinging march down Pennsylvania avenue by the national reviewing stand and back by the Georgetown bridge of that giant army, 60,000 strong—infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineer pontooners; all that goes to make a fighting force. [Right here I will say that the Army of the Potomac was reviewed the day previous and that of the Shenandoah valley and cavalry of Crook and Custer two or three after; the three constituting the "Grand Review."] And as I remembered today these things described, I could not but contrast the two columns of then and now and muse upon the changes the years have wrought with both the soldiers and the nation. In that other review the marchers, officers and men, did not average 25 years of age; today their average is 62 or more. Few were even married then; today nearly all are grandfathers. Their sons and others born since then are the active business men of today. The President, who rode in a carriage down the line today, was a boy of 6 or 7 years the day of that other march—so young that he can scarcely recollect it. And at the reviewing stand I recollect quite a number of conspicuous men upon the stand as our division marched by. There was Andrew Johnson, a month and ten days President, having succeeded Abraham Lincoln, one of the last sacrifices to the wiping out of slavery and uniting the country; Edwin M. Stanton, the great war Secretary; Gen. U. S. Grant, commander-in-chief of the army; Meade of the army of the Potomac; Sheridan, the heroic commander of the army of the "Valley;" Sherman, commander of the army on review; Jefferson C. Davis, commander of the Fourteenth corps, and James D. Morgan of our division. Where are these men today? Every one answers to roll call in the great beyond. How about those who marched in the ranks? More than half are on the invisible side of the river of death. And of the living who marched today, what of them? What of their hopes and aims? While they have probably succeeded as well as is the average lot of mortals, oh! the disappointments, the heartaches, the miscarried plans, the sorrows that have come and mixed with the sunshine of those 37 flown years.

As I looked and marched it seemed that the great moving column was simply marching on with lagging steps nearer and nearer down to the water's edge, where the silent boatman was waiting to ferry the long column across to the white tents of the other shore. And the words of this fragment kept ringing in my ears:

"Hark, my comrade. 'tis not distant to where lies that final camp;
On its bright, eternal morning shines life's setting sun aslant,
See! there's Logan, Thomas, Sheridan and ever glorious Grant,
And Sherman, who led us through Georgia."

And as we marched I could almost feel that there was another column of shadowy forms, composed of those who were upon that reviewing stand in 1865, of the thousands who marched on those days and have since died. and all the dead of the armies of '61 to '62 going with us; a mighty host, an unseen spirit army, moving, moving, moving by us, whose noiseless feet needed not the blare of bugle or the shrill note of fiife to keep in step.

—Comrade W. H. Hainline, in The Macomb Journal, Oct. 11, 1802.

March of a Vanishing Army.

Next week the rear guard of the Vanishing Army of Freedom will march, for the last time, in grand review down the magnificent avenue of the nation's splendid capital. It is a vanishing army now, but there is exultation on its

lips and joy in its heart, for it has passed through the shadows into the sunlight; it has stood by and seen the salvation of the Lord. No note of sadness lingers in its song:

"There's a land beyond the river
That we call the sweet forever,
And we only reach its shore by faith's decree.
One by one we gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals.
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?
Don't you hear the angels singing?
'Tis the glory, hallelujah, jubilee.
In that far off, sweet forever
Just beyond the shining river,
They will ring the golden bells for you and me."

The victories of the disbanded army of the union have been as creditable during thirty-seven years of prosperous peace as were those of the embattled legions during the fateful war. Vanished and vanishing, they were heroes all, one in achievement and one in glory. It is a vanishing army now. But before it goes it will stamp many another impress for good upon the nation it fought to save. And when it is gone there will be left a tradition of devotion and sacrifice which will be the most precious treasure of a regenerated republic.

The decade before the civil war was the golden decade of the republic—the period of preparation. In the public schools and in the quiet Christian homes of the north were being unconsciously nurtured the coming heroes of the century. A majority of the soldiers of the union were born between 1840 and 1850. Between 1850 and 1860 they were educated and disciplined for their immortal work. They averaged nineteen years of age in 1861. They were the boys in blue, and they put down the rebellion, with the help of their mothers, who prayed for them, and the girls they left behind, who cheered them on, and the omnipotent God, who guided them to victory.

Nearly 2,500,000 individuals enlisted in the Union army for the suppression of the rebellion. Of these, about half a million died during the war, more than a million have died since the war, and almost a million still survive. These survivors are the old soldiers of to-day. They are no longer young; they never will be younger; they are "old soldiers" now and will be to the end. But they have survived the vicissitudes of war; they have lived through thirty-seven years of the prosperous peace they fought to secure, and they have lived to help achieve a national evolution which triumphantly attests that their triumph was not in vain.

These surviving veterans, with an unstained record of useful citizenship behind them, are leading sturdily today in the grand march of twentieth century advancement. They shirk no duty and evade no responsibility. They vigorously encourage and vehemently applaud their resolute countrymen, who rise to the requirements of new emergencies with hereditary manliness.

Judicious conservatism is commendable, and the ex-soldiers have been judiciously conservative. But they have not weltered in the throes of an agonizing pessimism. They have not contended for perpetual successions of unrelieved catastrophe. They have neither admired nor emulated the preachers and breeders of calamity, who rejoice only in a perennial continuity of disaster—brambles in the highway, drought in the fields, murrain in the flock, glanders in the stable, rabies in the kennel, famine in the kitchen, pestilence in the chamber, blasphemy in the soul, and hatred in the heart.

It is but simple justice to all that, while grateful tribute is paid to those who died, they should not be forgotten who in the same crisis testified their willingness to die. They were heroes all, the vanished and the vanishing. Shoulder to shoulder they marched and fought and conquered. Those in advance have halted in their march and are waiting now. Somewhere, somehow, all will meet agaln. As it was from the beginning, one in purpose and in honor, even so each unit of its humblest remnant may be hailed as a priest in the temple of freedom. In principle and policy, in hope and enthusiasm, in loyalty, fidelity, and devotion, it is one army still.

—*Comrade Henry A. Castle.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

By George H. Boker.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He can not know;
Lay him low!

WASHINGTON

By James Russell Lowell.

From "Under the Elm," read at Cambridge, July 3, 1875, on the hundredth anniversary of Washington taking command of the American army.

Haughty they said he was, at first, severe;
But owned, as all men owned, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere,
Such power there is in clear eyed self restraint,
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

* * * * * * *

O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out; they but fan to flame
The self renewing splendors of thy fame.

* * * * * * *

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad minded, higher souled, there is but one
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's—Washington.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From "Commemoration Ode," by James Russell Lowell.

For him her old world molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

* * * * * * *

His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,

* * * * * * *

New birth of our new soil, the first American.

71.2009.084.1375

LINCOLN.

"The grandest figure of the fiercest civil war;
The gentlest memory of our world."